

CopaHld	51.49 - 4.36	47.96	31.20	Empica	46.26 - 0.59
Copel	11.62 - 0.43	21.64	14.07	Emulex	18.29 - 0.02
CoreLab	83.83 - 0.91	54.03	40.75	EnbridgeEM	54.01 + 0.24
CorrPds	35.59 + 1.47	54.99	42.00	EnbrEPts	55.89 + 0.91
CorrCos	20.22 + 0.10	36.00	28.06	Enbridge	32.65 - 0.86
Corning	22.74 - 0.25	55.93	42.38	EnCana	50.63 + 0.64
Corpbvca	27.25 - 0.42	32.84	21.74	EncoreAcq	24.19 + 0.41
CpBTJCP n	24.80 - 0.15	52.10	30.00	Endesa	53.53 + 2.14
CorpOffP	45.68 - 1.86	37.98	28.08	EndurSpec	35.74 + 0.59
CorrCp s	52.81 + 1.51	55.40	40.59	Enel	53.50 + 1.03
CorrAI C	25.50 + 0.07	50.73	32.16	Energion	50.89 + 0.39
CorrAon27	28.50 - 0.15	88.34	49.19	Energizer	85.33 - 1.06
CorrAon	25.49 + 0.03	25.93	22.18	EgyEast	24.36 + 0.06
CorrAon27	25.86 + 0.16	28.85	16.37	EngyPrt	18.15 + 0.15
CorrA33	25.40 + 0.10	37.00	23.01	EngyTEq	36.70 - 0.12
CorrBMY	25.33 + 0.15	59.17	38.20	EngyTslr	58.26 - 0.79
CorrChryl	25.19 - 0.05	59.45	38.47	Ennerps g	42.22 - 0.50
CorrChry69	25.49 - 0.04	17.30	10.15	Enersis	16.29 - 0.19
CorrDIS32	25.49 + 0.08	21.60	11.85	Enersys	17.18 + 0.06
CorrDOW	25.49 + 0.08	27.70	18.00	Ennis Inc	26.76 - 0.06
CorrFUT26	27.53 + 0.24	40.70	29.28	EnPro	36.05 - 0.28
CorrFord46	17.88 - 0.00	58.75	37.36	ENSCO	54.40 - 1.39
CorrFord31	19.08 - 0.2	20.14	Entercom	28.18 - 0.02	
CorrGEE-32	24.79 + 0.2	104.92	+ 0.86	Entergy	104.92 + 0.86
CorrIGS34	24.17 + 0.1	54.99	+ 0.51	Enervy	54.99 + 0.51
CorrIGS34	24.38 - 0.1				
CorrIBM	25.65 + 0.1				
CorrIBM n	25.25 + 0.1				
CorrIBM32	23.69 - 0.2				
CorrIBM n	25.21 + 0.13				
CorrJCP97	25.85 + 0.19				
CorrJCP n	24.88 - 0.37				
CorrJFE	29.42 + 0.05				
CorrPriv38	26.76 + 0.29				
Corr2Priv	27.03 + 0.15				
Corr3Priv	25.29 - 0.03				
CorrSAFC	26.69 + 0.10				
CorrSAFC	25.40 - 0.07				
CorrSAFC	27.55 - 0.05				
CorrSIHW	25.30 - 0.10				
Corr2SIHW	25.42 + 0.03				
Corr3SIHW	25.15 - 0.09				
CorrSuna	25.25 + 0.1				
CorrUSJW	24.86 - 0.34				
CorrUnid	25.11 - 0.02				
CorrV27.37	25.62 - 0.01				
CorrV26.12	24.84 - 0.06				
CorrV26.25	25.11 + 0.1				
CorrWY32	23.80 - 0.3				
CorrXK27	25.72 + 0.1				
CorrUSgn	38.20 - 0.2				
CorrCp	13.38 - 0.2				
CorrntwFn	33.64 - 3.1				
CorrPtp	32.86 - 1.4				
Corrance	59.34 + 0.4				
CorrAntahl	22.18 - 0.7				
CorrAntryH	56.05 - 0.22				
CorrRadio	13.65 - 0.03				
Corrano	40.42 + 0.13				
CorrWIA	5.55 - 0.12				
CorrWIB	5.80 - 0.23				
CorrWIC	48.73 - 0.51				
CorrWIS	71.83 - 2.89				
CorrWIE	20.06 - 0.33				
CorrWIF	41.97 + 1.37				
CorrWIG	32.13 - 1.34				
CorrWII	24.46 - 0.08				
CorrWIV	8.41 - 0.28				
CorrWIX	26.84 - 0.46				
CorrWIZ	52.33 - 1.52				
CorrWJA	7.00 - 0.28				
CorrWJB	144.72 - 5.47				
CorrWJC	38.54 - 0.52				
CorrWJD	18.55 - 0.01				
CorrWJE	56.24 - 2.86				

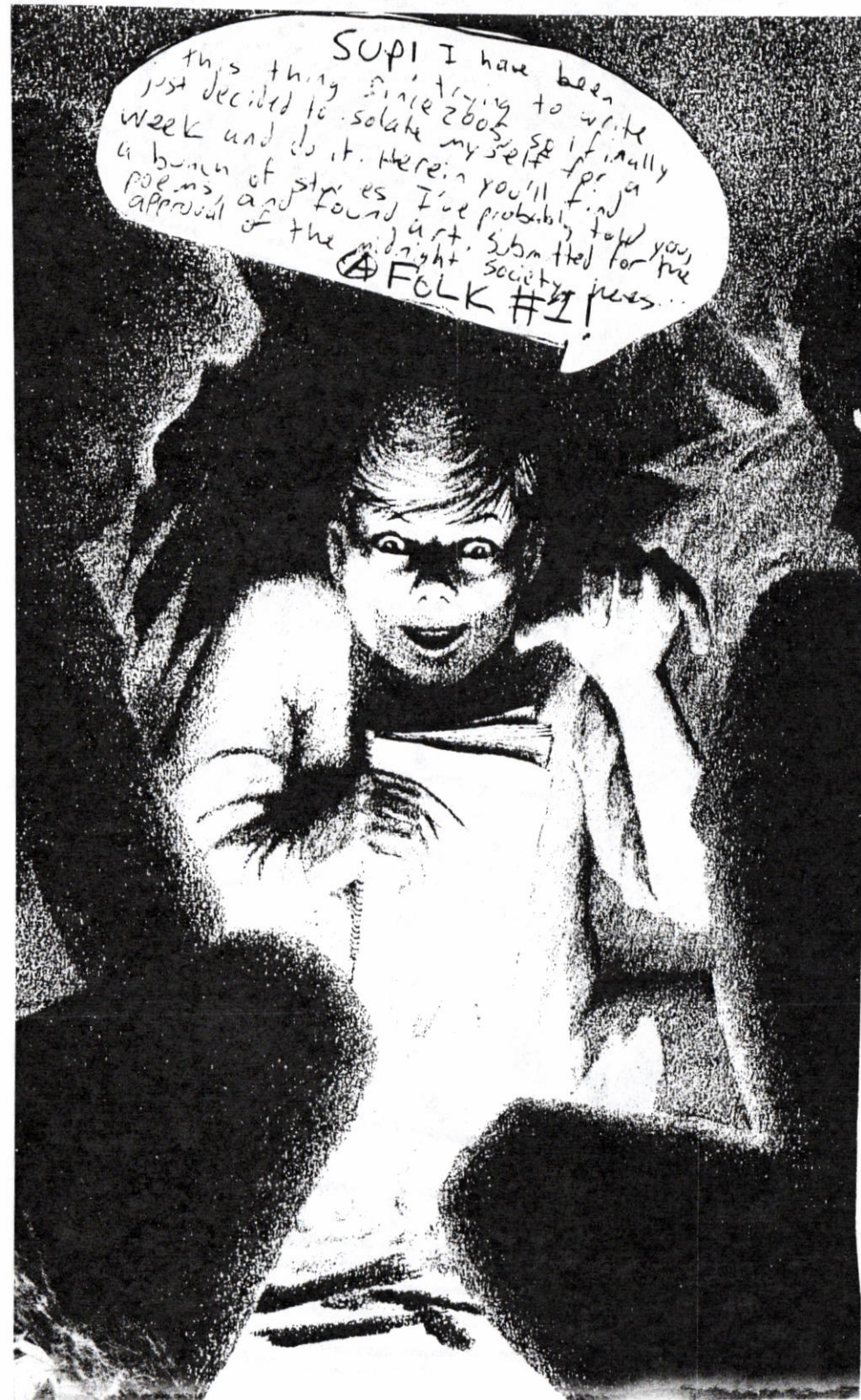
D	
P Mid	39.10 + 1.07
I Ind n	11.83
I Inc	37.90 - 0.02
I Inc	31.09 + 0.18
Horton	22.00 - 1.32
S Tech	52.17 - 0.76
I Sys	75.20 - 0.35
W Inc	42.21 - 1.90
E	47.90 + 0.15
unC	81.81 - 0.55
nahr	71.45 - 0.80
n	33 - 0.20
n	24 - 0.57
n	- 0.13
n	0.02
n	78

26.95	15.85	GoldLtd	18.48 + 0.31	45.00	37.38	Heinz	47.12 + 0.09
18.82	5.25	Goldcp wt	11.00	16.05	27.55	HolxEn	37.29 + 0.67
					9.88	HolnTel	13.75 + 0.25

Stock	Last	Chg	Stock	Last	Chg	Stock	Last	Chg	Stock	Last	Chg
NYSE											
AAG 2033	25.50	+0.11	BerkleyCT2	25.40	-0.02	EagleH pIA	24.50	-0.25	GE 23	25.25	+0.12
AAG 2034	25.62	-0.07	BioMed pIA	25.20	+0.26	EIPase pI	39.99	+0.37	GE 64	27.25	+0.95
ABN pIE	24.48	+0.26	Brandy pIC	25.22	+0.18	EmpDis pI	27.25	+0.95	GM db	25.07	+0.10
ABN pIF	25.23	+0.10	Brandy pID	25.60	+0.27	EndurS pIA	26.63	-0.12	GM db	25.24	+0.23
ABN pIG	25.16	+0.30	Bristow pI	50.47	-0.34	EntAK32N	91.25	-2.75	GM nIA	25.15	-0.09
ACE pIC	25.69	-0.01	CBL pIB	50.35	...	EntAK32	25.15	-0.09	GM nIA	25.15	-0.09
AES pIC	50.24	+0.14	CBL pIC	25.54	+0.12	EntL32	25.15	-0.09	GM nIA	25.15	-0.09
AMB pIL	25.09	+0.14	CBS 51	25.17	+0.02	EntL32-32	24.99	-0.09	GM nIA	25.15	-0.09
AMB pIM	25.69	+0.19	CIT pIA	26.30	-0.20	EntL32-32	25.15	-0.09	GM nIA	25.15	-0.09
AMB pIO	25.80	-0.06	CapLse pIA	25.15	+0.02	EntL32-32	25.15	-0.09	GM nIA	25.15	-0.09
AMB pIP	25.49	+0.17	CapOne pIB	25.15	+0.02	EntL32-32	25.15	-0.09	GM nIA	25.15	-0.09
ASRC pIA	25.49	+0.17	CapTr pI	25.15	+0.02	EntL32-32	25.15	-0.09	GM nIA	25.15	-0.09

25.50	+0.11	25.62	-0.07	24.48	+0.26	25.23	+0.10	25.16	+0.30	25.69	-0.01	50.24	+0.14	25.09	+0.14	25.69	+0.19	25.80	-0.06	25.49	+0.17	25.49	+0.17
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25.50	+0.11	25.62	-0.07	24.48	+0.26	25.23	+0.10	25.16	+0.30	25.69	-0.01	50.24	+0.14	25.09	+0.14	25.69	+0.19	25.80	-0.06	25.49	+0.17	25.49	+0.17
25.50	+0.11	25.62	-0.07	24.48	+0.26	25.23	+0.10	25.16	+0.30	25.69	-0.01	50.24	+0.14	25.09	+0.14	25.69	+0.19	25.80	-0.06	25.49	+0.17	25.49	+0.17
25.50	+0.11	25.62	-0.07	24.48	+0.26	25.23	+0.10	25.16	+0.30	25.69	-0.01	50.24	+0.14	25.09	+0.14	25.69	+0.19	25.80	-0.06	25.49	+0.17	25.49	+0.17
25.50	+0.11	25.62	-0.07	24.48	+0.26	25.23	+0.10	25.16	+0.30	25.69	-0.01	50.24	+0.14	25.09	+0.14	25.69	+0.19	25.80	-0.06	25.49	+0.17	25.49	+0.17
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25.50	+0.11	25.62	-0.07	24.48	+0.26	25.23	+0.10	25.16	+0.30	25.69	-0.01	50.24	+0.14	25.09	+0.14	25.69	+0.19	25.80	-0.06	25.49	+0.17	25.49	+0.17
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25.50	+0.11	25.62	-0.07	24.48	+0.26	25.23	+0.10	25.16	+0.30	25.69	-0.01	50.24	+0.14	25.09	+0.14	25.69	+0.19	25.80	-0.06	25.49	+0.17	25.49	+0.17
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25.50	+0.11	25.62	-0.07	24.48	+0.26	25.23	+0.10	25.16	+0.30	25.69	-0.01	50.24	+0.14	25.09	+0.14	25.69	+0.19	25.80	-0.06	25.49	+0.17	25.49	+0.17</





SUPI I have been  
this thing since trying to write  
just decided to solate myself for a  
week and do it. Herein you'll find  
a bunch of stories, I've probably told you,  
poems and found art. Submitted for the  
approval of the **@FOLK #1** society.

(contact: [myspace.com/AndyFolk](mailto:myspace.com/AndyFolk))

THANXXX to 416, Chun

Dumpster, Trash Can, SS vein,  
"Inferno" kids, New Paltz, NYC.  
Punk, Westchester Punk (who are you are)  
Everyone who gives me a couch to sleep  
on, and anyone who helps with this  
zine after this page is complete.

No Thanxxx to my printer  
breaking half way through writing/  
assembling this zine. Fuck you!

Please check out: [Bombsandshields.blogspot.com](http://Bombsandshields.blogspot.com)

**NIRVANA!!**

[Shac7.com](http://Shac7.com)  
[myspace.com/bleeding earth  
press](http://myspace.com/bleedingearthpress)

[www.org](http://www.org) [wobbly city.org](http://wobblycity.org)

Written from 2005-2007

Assembled during Flannel Spring '07

Look for me on the **@FOLK** couch surf  
tour summer '07

The next issue will be 10x better written  
and laid out I promise! ♡, **@FOLK**

email: [anarchoandy@hotmail.com](mailto:anarchoandy@hotmail.com)





Willoughby street didn't have that luxury.  
Specially cold night in February 3 or 4 of the  
mostly kittens, approached me and my bag full of  
hot food, emitting an odor of freshly grilled  
chicken. They meowed at me sadly, and  
when my customer came down we just looked  
at them turned around and went back upstairs  
to eat.

There's not a lot that can be done about the  
overpopulation of strays, but it's a problem that  
has been almost entirely ignored de facto by  
Brooklyn's population of working class and  
Manhattan-commuting yuppies. It's no one's  
problem but everyone's and the repeated  
spectacle of shame that is a cat covered  
in dirt lying lifelessly on the side of a road  
with several feet of guts and meaty red  
jelly weights Brooklyn's collective morale  
down lower and lower.

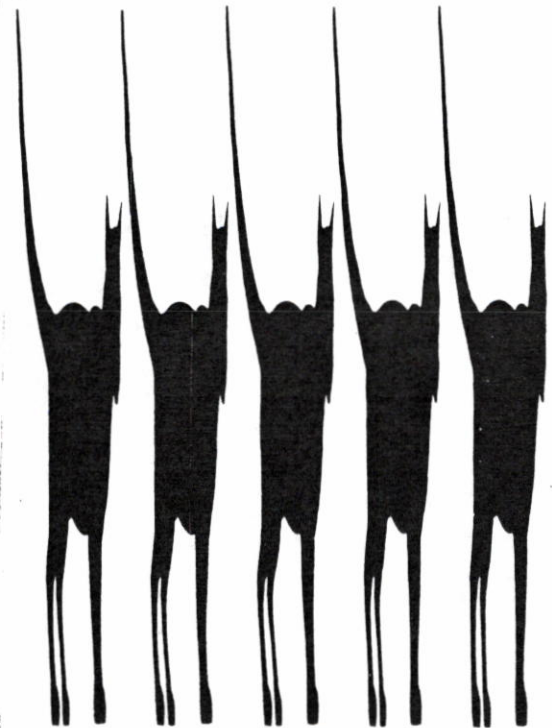
Under a rust moon, the sun <sup>is</sup> ~~has~~ setting ~~over~~  
on East Williamsburg. There are no families  
to witness the demise of a once thriving community, there  
is no passion put to bed by the setting sun. Instead  
bricks decay like dying skin on buildings that fall  
apart towards a death that is uncannily human, ~~prote~~  
cing only death with their last breaths.  
Like the end of a play, a tragedy, the lights fade  
to black on a stage full of ~~dead~~ cats and  
their helpless mourners.



## Contents

- First up is an excerpt from my travels  
last fall. Hitching up the PCH Rules, do it!
- Then there's an interview with crazy ol'  
Malcolm from Trash. We talk Black Flag  
and conspiracies.
- Poem about climbing things at college
- Video games were warning us about the  
apocalypse all this time! You fools!
- Review of a show I saw
- Obligatory dumpstering article
- Tales from when I was an Indie Rock  
Journalist?

There are  
12 cats  
hidden in  
this zine,  
find them  
all and  
win a  
free  
kitten!





# GODLESS Brooklyn...

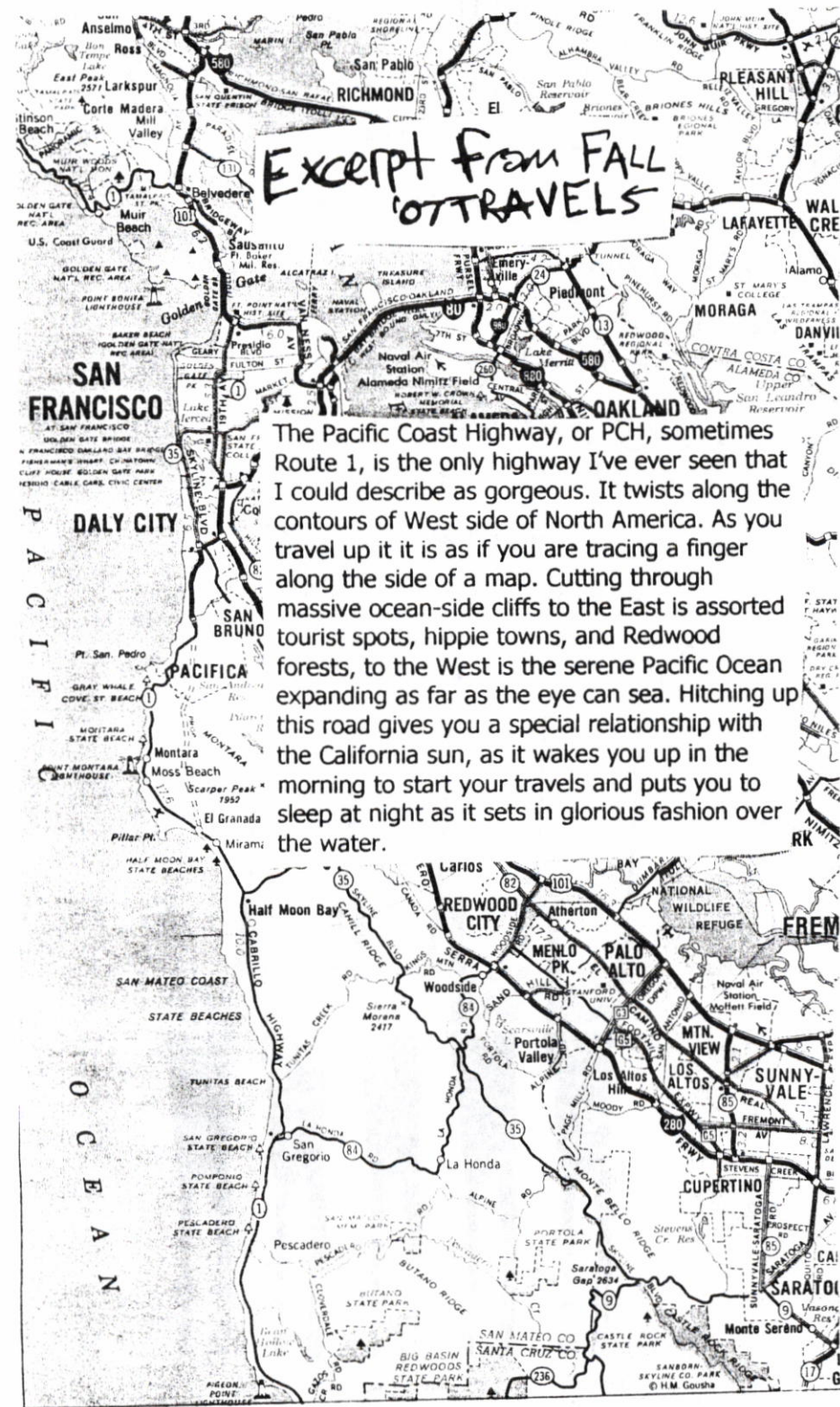
Wind tunnels reeking of trash scatter specks of debris from garbage cans knocked over like captured pawns. The toxic gales fill every crack of the decaying body of industrial Brooklyn. It is a desert of concrete, broken glass, and dead cats make their gravesites in gutters. It isn't just my interest in animal rights or vegetarianism that makes me aware of the sheer volume of dead cats that litter the streets here, everyone talks about them, they're everywhere. Their omnipresence casts a grim shadow on the living cats which can be seen traversing any of East Williamsburg's hundreds of trash lots, where sickly whisks of grass struggle to breathe, or begging for food delivery boys for food outside of affluent lofts. I met one of these doomed creatures doing a delivery to Belvedere place. A skinny grey and black little guy came up to me and rubbed my leg, meowing lovingly. It looked me in the eyes and I pet it reluctantly. A local crackhead passed me by and smiled and waved to the cat "Hey Tiger!" he said.

"Is this your cat...?" I asked.

"No, it's the neighborhood's cat." He walked away. Soon Tiger did the same, rubbing against fences and sniffing fallen bags of garbage. This was one stray lucky enough not to be ignored or feared by locals. It had a name and probably a food supply. Another group of cats

## Excerpt from FALL OTTRAVELS

The Pacific Coast Highway, or PCH, sometimes Route 1, is the only highway I've ever seen that I could describe as gorgeous. It twists along the contours of West side of North America. As you travel up it it is as if you are tracing a finger along the side of a map. Cutting through massive ocean-side cliffs to the East is assorted tourist spots, hippie towns, and Redwood forests, to the West is the serene Pacific Ocean expanding as far as the eye can see. Hitching up this road gives you a special relationship with the California sun, as it wakes you up in the morning to start your travels and puts you to sleep at night as it sets in glorious fashion over the water.





At orientation for New Paltz I met a girl named Emily who was determined to spend the next 4 years of her life studying to become a journalist. Not that I hold anything against getting an education, but if a dumb 17 year old kid like me could be a interview some of the most popular and important bands of the day and still have PR professionals emailing me for more there must not be much to it. Unless you're looking to a beltway political reporter on CNN and you need to go to schools to get internships to know the right people and bullshit like that, anyone with a pen, a paper, a tape recorder, an email address, and a spell-checker can be a journalist. I'm not just talking about PR hungry indie rock bands either, there's a million stories out there waiting to be told. From community organizing to police brutality, inspirational shit goes on every day and I don't trust college-educated career-focused scribblers to tell them. Just like that lame SPIN writer at CBGBs somehow didn't know that people actually dance at punk shows I think all those years of education and networking makes people lose touch, and certainly lose passion.

HE HAS NO EMULSIONS. HE JUST IS.

DOWN, FORCED INTO THE DIRT.

HE DOESN'T EVEN

I told Emily that journalism is a great field of study, but a better idea would be to study something else you love and then write about it. Major media outlets don't always higher people with journalism degrees, they're actually looking for people with experience in what they're writing about. At a young-journalist conference at Columbia University that I went on with my school paper, a writer for the Washington Post suggested instead of going to journalism school you should go to the peace corps, write about what you see, freelance some articles. That's the way actual journalists recommend learning about journalism, no schooling involved! Just direct access to your subject and a passion for it.

TRUE, THE TERRIBLY  
UNEVEN ODDS DO  
SOMETIMES THREATEN  
TO OVERWHELM ME.

THE FORCES OF  
DARKNESS  
ARE INDEED  
STRONG.

THE  
FRI  
GOTT  
THEM  
A LE

AIN'  
WHITE-  
ABERRATION A  
NATURE GONNA  
NO WAY HIDE  
FROM US.

I SWEAR  
T'GOD I  
HEARD--

--BOYS  
YOU KEEP  
LOOKIN'

I was dropped off in Half Moon Bay California, I remember the name of the town because the previous ride had written down information for me on a work abroad program and had signed it "Ruth and Roo" from Half Moon Bay with a 1/2 and a crescent moon instead of writing out the words. Roo was short for Kangaroo, a huge messy 50 year old man who picked me up in Santa Cruz by honking at me several times, pulling over 500 feet down the road, and waving at me until I reached the point where he could yell at me to get in. Once we got rolling on the PCH he deflected all my attempts at conversation, eventually turning up the CD player and challenging me to tell him what all the songs have in common. I figured out pretty fast that it was a CD of Bob Dylan covers, and he was shocked that I had heard of him, and much more shocked that I had heard of Phil Ochs. An unlikely singalong ensued.

His sister-in-law Ruth joined us at a light house and drew me the half moon and dropped me off there. It began to rain and within 10 minutes a van with a screaming androgynous figure hang out the window passed by. It pulled over and I got in, it was filled with Californians, the crazy kind, and what looked like a couple punks in the back. At first I thought it was an aimless caravan of travelers, the kind that took me from Nashville to Orange County, but it was actually a local group of vagrants. Most of them were San Mateo locals

They told me they were only going as far as the beach, they held up a bag of 40s of Mickeys and sparks triumphantly. There's enough for you! they told me.

We tore a piece of parchment off the brown paper bag that carried the booze. We passed a pen and each wrote a message. Below a poem I recognized from an ex-girlfriend's away message about valentine's day and "FREE NUGS IN HUMBOLT COUNTY" I wrote a short observation. We rolled it up and stuck it in a Mickey's. Corking it tight I ran to the end of the tidepool, where trapped fish swam in circles contently, and chucked it.



Usually messages in bottles are reserved for SS Minnow style castaways, but since there aren't too many in this modern age of GPS cellphones and Harrison Ford helicopter rescues I figured I would send an SOS, afterall, we were all in need of some kind of help. I was a hitchhiking, and I felt less transient than these kids that picked me up. Some of them were recovering(?) meth addicts, at least one was straight up insane. They were living in an apt avoiding the landlord who was waiting for the day he could legally evict them. Every night they spanged and scrounged up money for beer. They hated where they lived, but for some reason they couldn't leave. Everywhere I went I met kids that seemed the same way. They hated where they lived, they hated their lives. Everywhere you go people hate it there. I chuckled that 40 off the island whose population was rooted in a soil they despised.

The seemingly best adjusted of all of them was a traveler punk named Bob who they also picked up hitching. He confided in me that he wasn't a big fan of the group, and was about ready to move on. He was from a town in Colorado that was, as he ironically termed it, a Mecca for conservative politics. Focus on the Family was located there, as was a major weapons factory and a megachurch. Despite the atmosphere, he and his friends carved out an infoshop/collective space. Maybe he was an exception to this "Hate where you live" way of thinking, he lived someplace that, scenery aside, was complete shit. But instead of just complaining about it and writing an SOS to no one he did something about it, countering the negative scenery of his environment with positivity and passion for change.

Later on before I left he asked me for my t-shirt that had the famous image of a dove and the circle A. I decided he deserved it more than me, plus he traded me a Three Inches of Blood T-shirt for it.



These interviews were part excellent, with some clever and intriguing questions, and part embarrassingly shitty. I had a habit of asking one totally retarded question an interview about if they liked a certain band that I liked. Example, to the Thermals: "You all used to play in anti-folk bands. Do you like folk punk bands like Defiance, Ohio and the Young Pilgrims (sic)?" or to The Plot: "Can you reunite Le Shok and tour with them for me?" But the funniest scenario of being an obvious teenage sycophant was interviewing the Fiery Furnaces right after the release of Blueberry Boat. They had just received a 10.0 on Pitchfork and they were the talk of the entire indie rock scene. We scheduled an interview backstage at Siren Fest. Allan's questions were decent but mine were retarded, I knew very little about the band aside from their music, and I ended up asking questions like "who's your favorite Seinfeld character?" "What other piano bands do you like?" "Do you ever go to NORTH SIX??" The brother of the sibling duo was amused by the fact the hipster darlings were being worked over by a high-schooler, but the sister was plain embarrassed. Walking away from the interview, their publicist patted her on the shoulder and said "thank you." A week later they were interviewed by Pitchfork.

*great and green with nice life*

My darkest moment of journalism, however, was interviewing Yako, the singer of Melt Banana. I expected to interview her towards the end of the show, but when I showed up drunk on three Sparks (oh ,2004) I said hello and she said she wanted to get it out of the way as soon as possible. We sat down across the street from the knitting factory and I drunkenly read off my questions. To sparked up to thing of clever follow ups, and accidently forgetting to read the page of my best questions the interview went fucking horrible. I went home and transcribed the tape and immediately recorded over it.

The interview was never published, that issue never came out. Allan went to a semester abroad in Italy and the other editor's attempts to keep the zine going failed as Allan refused to give up any authority, including handing over access passwords to the website. It became clear Allan was not interested in the survival of the zine but in the survival of his position and the ability to brag about it. The editorial staff resigned in protest. The main page of AntidoteMag.com was changed to "Antidote is going through some changes! Be back soon!" Within a few weeks Blueghost Maria emailed me asking why the albums she was sending me (4-6 a week at this point) were going unreviewed. I told her honestly and the packages stopped coming. I became a journalist "in between" publications.

*thank you, she says.  
thank you, I say.*



# Antidote Magazine



One of the sort of bullshit cards I can play when I'm talking to people that don't know me is that I'm a journalist. This is not even entirely a lie, because for about a year I had a webzine called "Antidote" with my friend from high school Allan Mendoza and some other kids from New Paltz. Allan was sophomore in college and I was a junior in high school. He was a card-carrying pitchfork hipster and I was walking a thin line between naïve ska-punk and alt-rock. I founded the zine with him under the impression we'd be making something like this, a totally DIY Xeroxed splotchy piece of shit to hand out at shows. For a while he kept me going with this façade, playing elaborate I Love Lucy style pranks to prevent me from realizing he just wanted to be the next Pitchfork and was not at all interested in using with fellow editor Marsha called the "anarchist's tool" of the Xerox machine. I wrote 3 reviews, an article, and did an interview with Godspeed You! Black Emperor/Broken Social Scene sideproject Valley of the Giants for the first issue, and Alan promised me 100 copies by the end of the month. I immediately started planning how to use them, certain amounts reserved for friends, others to be passed out at shows. I even contacted show bookers to let them know I would be tabling with my zine and zine-related merchandise. Yeah, I had everything worked out, then Allan told me the bad news that one of the editors had been suspended for school for stealing copies. This was of course a massive lie, Allan never had any intention of printing copies, and after a month a website was posted. Our goal was to publish monthly, and for several months we did. The first band I interviewed under this format was the Arrogant Sons of Bitches, a DIY ska-punk juggernaut from Long Island legendary for their energetic live shows and catchy singalongs. The interview was online and went awesome, giving me major confidence for more interviews. The next was with Skwert, drummer of the New York City punk trio American Distress. This interview too went quite well, I even got him to talk some trash on former bandmate Scott Sturgeon (talking trash on former bandmates being the rock journalism equivalent of striking oil). It was by the third issue that I started to actually feel less like an awkward high school kid with 56k connection and more like a battle-hardened rock journalist. I got the nerve off and finally I interviewed the Dresden Dolls, who after seeing once I knew would become huge. The day I interviewed them they had signed a major PR deal, and they were in the transitional phase from the DIY Cabaret punk outfit they were then to the mall goth institution they are today.



Since I first got my driver's license Trash American style has been a routine pilgrimage for me. Located 40 minutes from my native North Westchester, the store is randomly places along a stretch of hideous road outside of Danbury with little around aside from the usual off-highway fare. With its large used section usually hiding more than a few deals and a generous sized punk section along with punk shirts, jewelry, Dr Bronners, wrestling masks and other awesome knick knacks, Trash has become a punk rock institution and an essential place to spend an hour or two or a paycheck or two. And behind the counter is Malcolm Tent, infamous shopowner, punk historian, raw vegan, and conspiracy theorist, who is the most essential part of the Trash experience. I had always wanted to pick Malcolm's brain, and I finally decided to do it on April 19<sup>th</sup> 2007, 12 days before Trash was to close it's doors forever.

## AFOLK: Can you start me off with a brief history of Trash?

**MALCOLM TENT:** In the beginning there was South Florida, and I beheld South Florida and said "this is BAD!" And I said that to myself to a number of years and everyone about me agreed but no one ever wanted to do anything about it. Finally in the spring of 1986 Kathy Kelly made the pilgrimage from Connecticut to Florida and she too agreed that Florida was BAD so we met and decided to bust out of Florida and ease back into Connecticut. And Kathy said you know what we have to do? We have to open a store! Because I was working at a record store at the time, kind of knew the "biz." And that was 20+ years ago. And that's the end of that story. Hold on for one second.

(A punk girl comes to the counter with a few LPs, among them is Black Flag-Damaged, Malcolm gets very excited.)

**Malcolm:** Ooooh, yes, some bad mood music. And this... you don't even know. Black Flag-Damaged, this is the pinnacle of human achievement, next to the first Devo album of course, and the second Devo album, the third Devo album, the fourth Devo album.....

## AF: Can you talk about the store closing?

**Malcolm:** Basically, it's one of those things that's always in the back of your mind if you don't own your own building, you're always thinking "this is a great location! Glad the Landlord's cool." We've been here 20 years, and eventually, as I think is almost always the case when you're renting from somebody your luck runs out at some point. After 18 years at this location our landlords got together with a certain print shop here in the same building and without offering a chance to put our 2 cents in or make an offer they signed a new lease and would not renegotiate with us when the lease is up. And that's it, we're out of here!



**AF: Did they think the print shop would be more profitable?**

Malcolm: Undoubtedly, but we'll never know, we weren't a part of the process. Our landlords were the best we've ever had until they stuck the knife in us and their true colors showed through.

**AF: How has the community responded to the store closing?**

Malcolm: People are really bummed out. I haven't met anyone yet who's thrilled to death about it. They've been really supportive, people are going to help us move. On May 2<sup>nd</sup> we're going to have a big ol' caravan, trucks in front vans in the back, and we're going to blow it all out either side and cart it all into storage. People have always needed a place to go, and Trash has been seen as a destination to travel to, and that seems to upset people more than anything. Because you can go to Hot Topic and by a shirt or go to piercing bagoda and by a hoop or go to punk network and by a 25 ta Life cd but you're not gonna come to any of those spots and be with kindred spirits, you're not going to be part of a scene, a cultural gathering of the tribe, I think if nothing else that's what we represent to people, a place to network. My friends Joe and Sue met each other here and they got married, now they have a little daughter who's going to grow up to be the most radical cool punk rock kid ever. You know, you can't get that through interpunk.

**AF: What's next for Trash?**

Malcolm: Carry on our activities as a more mobile based retail entity. We're going to be fairs and festivals and distro at gigs - anywhere we can set up a banquet table full of merch essentially. When we're out there on the road we're going to be looking for another storefront with the aim of someday, eventually, re-opening.

(At this point British punk band the Horror walks into the store. We break for a few minutes while Malcolm talks to them about his Death Metal band.)

**AF: When did you get involved in punk rock?**

Malcolm: Punk Rock began for me in 1977 when I was a wee lad in 7<sup>th</sup> grade and there was a late night tv report on NBC news, I remember it so clearly. It was about [in a reporter voice] "the new music phenomenon coming out of the United Kingdom called Punk Rock led by such bands as the Sex Pistols." And I had just never seen that and seeing pictures of that band on tv, the idea was that it was the most music imaginable, and that really intrigued me, what that would sound like.

No, I decided, now or never, and I dug in for what would be the worst dumpstering of my career. I read an article later that week quoting the head of promotions who revealed they anticipated an ebay black market would form around dumpstered cups, was it this anticipation that lead to decision to hold the promotion in December? I developed this hypothesis as my legs become soaked in freezing dumpster water, a solution of melted snow, asphalt, soda, and assorted condiments. As I fished through the bags for the blue Airtran cups the gunk of fast food garbage started to leak through my gloves, picking my hands with liquid garbage comprised of the grossest food ever! I had about 40 cups free when I noticed two employees on a smoke break were standing there watching me. As one began to walk forward I took my cups and snuck out back of the dumpster area, stashed them, and brought the car around to collect my blue gold!

Maybe worse than the dumpstering was the cutting of the coupons afterwards. I let a week go by and by then the gunk on the cups had fermented a smell even worse than the night I birthed them from their hefty bag wombs. Not only that, but the stacked cups had stuck together, making it necessary to cut several cups at a time to extract the coupons.



I had until 2007 to use the flights but I decided to use them fairly quickly on a trip to San Francisco, which I spent visiting my friend Judd, record shopping, missing an anarchist book fair and a punk show in a squatted theater by 1 day, and hanging out at the 555 Haight St Hostel with a junkie girl, a wingnut hippy woman from Long Island who took me out to eat at HerbiVore, and a bunch of alcoholics who spent most of the day watching comedy central.

The San Francisco trip wasn't much in comparison to when I returned later that summer via hitching up rt 1, but the entire time I felt that certain kind of pride that you only feel when you enjoy a feast of something stolen, see a concert at a huge venue that you snuck into, or realize that your entire outfit was retrieved from different dumpsters. It's kind of like the feeling you get when you learn to play a game in a different way then what you've been taught, kind of like beating a system.



# DUMPSTERING AIRLINE TICKETS!



I remember hearing talk of the Wendy's Soda Cup scam earlier in December 2005, but I fully caught on to how big it was around the 22<sup>nd</sup> when every punk with an internet connection was bragging about their cup hauls. Still, in the privileged, comfortable, college state of mind I hadn't even started to consider it until Alex Miami slapped some sense into me with this words: "If you don't dumpster those cups you're lazy and worthless." It must have been December 26<sup>th</sup> when those words finally hit me, in every dumpster in every Wendys in the country every night there was a plane ticket to anywhere Airtran flies.

The scam was this: In December Wendy's carried a blue cup for fountain drinks that had a coupon on them redeemable for 1 airtran rewards point. 32 points got you a flight, and one could acquire a limit of two roundtrip tickets.

That night I set out with gloves a knife and a flashlight. I got to the Wendys around 10:30, and it was till open. I knew I should have waited until 1 when it closed but I went for it anyway. The drive thru was packed with cars and that long line of cars was in clear viewing range of the dumpsters as were the employees of the fine eating establishment. Shit... maybe I should come back later.

(At this point a young-looking chaos punk interrupts and asks when the store is closing. Malcolm points to a sign that is counting down the days. The punk looks back kind of said, "yeah, I'm illiterate." We were both kind of shocked. Malcolm asks, "Do you know what's on your shirt?" He looks down (It's a Conflict shirt.) "I don't know.... N?" He gives Malcolm his band's demo and after a few minutes leaves with his Mom.)

**Malcolm:** I wanted to experience the worst band in the world, I just had to check it out. I was living in Hialeah (sp?) Florida at the time, so I'm sure you can appreciate how difficult it would be to track down some punk rock. [phone rings] Excuse me. Trash American style. Get fucked, fuck you, don't call me back you piece of shit! [hangs up] That's a whole other story right there. If you have any questions about my most bizarre customers I'll tell you all about Huck. He's the king of 'em all. Anyway there I am in South Florida in the 1970s trying to find me some punk rock. There was a local chain store called Specks music in the mall and they did have a little tiny punk section. Finally at Specks music one day they had a cassette of Nevermind the Bullocks. I was so disappointed, because it was good. They were just a tight loud rock n' roll band. But the signer was really something else, like nothing I had heard before. So it just sort of grew on me and took off

from there. And I never stopped. Cutting edge music is where I want to be, and it never stops moving and changing form, it never stops being interesting.

**AF: Where did you start being a part an underground scene?**

**Malcolm:** Well when I finally became aware that there was an underground scene, there were two pivotal publications when I was a kid. One was called "Mouth of the Rat," it blew my mind. It was intense, large tabloid size publication, everything was handwritten in a punk style. They wrote about bands like Chelsea and PIL, and they wrote about local bands. And I thought "Wow, there are bands that are near where I live that aren't on Warner Brothers and put out their own records and play at places that aren't the Sunrise Music Theater? You can go somewhere besides a Coliseum and see a band play? That's interesting." And then this other magazine called "The Rag," not nearly as good but it was about the local music scene, and it talked about local punk bands like the Sick Lids or the Essentials. So I became aware of that, and my good friend Tim Powell took me to Open Books and Records in Ft Lauderdale, and I will never forget walking in there the first day, this funky little record shop is STUFFED with the music I was reading about, Open had everything. The most amazing imports anywhere from Echo and the Bunnymen to Bauhaus to real independent punk bands like Discharge, SSD, the Boston Not LA comp, and the people who ran it were really friendly and knowledgeable. Not like at Specks where there was some bored kid there who didn't know, it was just some job they were doing after school. These were people who loved music and they wanted to talk to you about it. First day I went there I bought Still by Joy Division, that was a whole nother world in itself. They also had all the local zines and fliers. From there it evolved into going to check out the bands, and starting a band, and making my own record, my own demos.





## AF: How big is your personal record collection:

**Malcolm:** Smaller than one might think, believe it or not, because over the years I'd have to witter out a lot of stuff. Like, okay I sold my Misfits records already what can I sell next? At this point, it's just, this isn't going to transmit to print, but you see those new arrival bins? I have two of those in my bedroom and then each one is full of albums. And then I have 6-7 boxes of 7 inches, and some assorted cds. So in the grand scheme of things I don't have that many. Everything I have is there because I want it. I had to sell a lot of stuff, but there's certain things that will never get old. That's the Devo collection, the Sun Ra collection, and the Husker Du collection, and the Black Flag collection. Those stay permanently, everything else is expendable.

## AF: What's your prized possession?

**Malcolm:** Well let me break it down into LP, 7" and CD. If my house was on fire and I could only bring one album it would be my copy of Total Devo signed by the entire band. The worst Devo album signed by probably the weakest line-up, but dammit, I got those autographs in person. And Devo, as anyone who knows me knows is my #1 band of all time, that's the one.

7". If I could only save one out of all them, wow that's tough, just pluck one out of the air it would be my copy of Sex Bomb by Flipper with the hand drawn sleeve. I'd definitely grab that on my way out. The CD would be Butch Willis. (Malcolm shows me a Butch Willis 7" cover, it is a man in a 70s looking shirt with his leg up on a brick wall. The picture is in black and white but his face is hi-lighted blue.)

## AF: What bands are you excited about nowadays?

**Malcolm:** Besides Butch Willis? What could I possibly be excited about besides Butch Willis? I'm actually excited about the cd that kid just brought in (referring to the illiterate punk kid), I'm a sucker for that old Discharge, Conflict, UK style hardcore. There are a few bands that are blowing me away like Yo La Tengo, the Standard, Riddle the Steel, Cave in broke up so I can't really consider them contemporary. There's another band from St. Louis called Guaranteed Catch which are just whacky. Local bands I'm really fond of are Clustertuck, the Sudden Walks.

## AF: You and Kathy seem big into conspiracy theories, can you talk about some of the stuff you're into?

**Malcolm:** I'm not into theories, I'm into the way things are. As the maxim says it's not a theory if you can prove it. Well the most relevant one these days is the fact that September 11<sup>th</sup> was totally pulled off by the US government. There is no way anyone is going to convince me that a bunch of, as they call them, "towelheads" in caves in Afghanistan somewhere were able to orchestrate this massive multinational conspiracy or that they were able to get the planes past all the air defenses and all the radar and past NORAD into some of the most heavily fortified airspace in the world, using jetfuel which is designed not to burn, and jetliners that simply disappear when they hit their targets.

Starting with slow, scratchy ambience the Magik Markers are drums, guitar, a tape deck, and a circuit-bent casio. Early in the set drummer Pete Quimby had to pause to fix his bass drum pedal, after tinkering with it for a couple seconds it still wasn't working and he passed it off to Thurston Moore to fix it. Moore handed it back in a minute or two and once again it failed to snap properly into the drum, at this point the song was rising towards a peak and Quimby was becoming more and more frustrated with his equipment. After handing the pedal off a two more times and it failing both times he stood up during a major peak and out of legitimate anger he bashed the drums into pieces in time with the music. This was one of the first times in my life I'd seen a legitimate rock n' roll moment, where the band had ceased "performing" and broken through to actual catharsis. Without my vantage point I'm not sure if the audience knew what was going on, but they were eating it up, rocking out like I had never seen at a generally stagnant Todd P show. The energy in the room was unreal even as the song descended into an afterglow where Elisa recited some inaudible poetry and Quimby, his drumset now mostly destroyed, kept rhythm on the casio and the fragments of a snare.

It's always inspirational to experience a moment of such artistic purity that I rarely see outside of punk rock or noise shows. I also got to experience it while literally rubbing elbows with a progenitor of such music. Even though we didn't talk, and he may never have even noticed that the youngest kid in the room was sitting there next to him, it sort of felt like as we looked on together he was telling me "see, this is what I live for. Sure I'm a rockstar, but this is why."

After Magik Markers I left in somewhat of a daze. I biked home and got totally lost in the night, still freezing cold and empty.



Lens-shaped bottom is more spacious than it looks, fitting from the cages.

The cat: 600 pounds of fury, but knows how to fit in a tight space.



Bark Haze (Thurston Moore + Gown)  
 Slouching there lanky with his shaggy hair and general "I don't give a fuck" silence Thurston Moore looks like the oldest teenager ever, as if he turned 17 and then aged 30 years in a few months time. Along with a fellow old guy (sorry but old people at shows is still a novelty to me) Bark Haze was a guitar and feedback texture that wasted little time getting to the rocking. Moore seemed to provide most of the rhythm, keeping near the top of the neck and strumming away the dark horizons of Bark Haze's sonic landscape. Gown, on the other hand, noodled away at the lower half of the neck, pounding away at high notes while managing to keep the edges clean. The set ended predictably with Thurston thrusting his guitar into his amp and raising his palm to the audience in a motionless wave and walking off. Overall the set was what most of us had come to expect from Thurston solo, mostly resembling a noise breakdown in a Sonic Youth set, but the patriarchal aura he gave off made the packed apartment entranced. Almost everyone there was in the mid 20s, they'd maybe been coming to noise shows for 5 years, a little longer at that at most. Thurston had been coming to shows like this for 30 years. I wondered if something like The Ultimate Reality was even new to him or if he looked on and thought "oh one of these we had one of these in the mid 80s in fact it was me and Lydia Lunch."



#### Magik Markers

As the two piece set up I looked for a place to stand. At this point (approaching 1 am as I recall) the place had practically filled up in its entirety and with no stage I really wanted to get a good standin spot to see how the Magik Markers operated. As the front row of the crowd pushed closer and closer and gave the band less and less room I knew my chance for cutting into the front had probably passed. So I scoped out the area, and I noticed that in the very corner of where the band was playing two older gentlemen and the Silent Barn's refrigerator were sitting down with a perfect view of everything, so I walked right in front of Elisa Ambrogio as she fiddled endlessly with her guitar and sat down next to, you guessed it, Thurston Moore! I was going to have a Moore's-eye view of the set!



**AF: There's pictures of the wreckage, I've seen them.**

Malcolm: Really, you must show me. (sarcastic)

(I show him an article online disproving conspiracy theories about a missile hitting the pentagon, Malcolm explains every picture and how the wreckage cannot be from a 757, we decide to drop the argument for the sake of the interview.)

**AF: Besides 9/11 what other conspiracies do you follow? Are you into Behold a Pale Horse?**

Malcolm: That's one that you have to look at with a very close eye. Bill Cooper, God bless him, but you really have to have a big sifter when you read that book. There's a lot of good stuff here but there's a lot of things you can't get behind. Anyone who gets all their information from just one source, all you know is what that one source wants you to know. I don't doubt for a second that any number of people in the conspiracy field have a hidden agenda they want to push, maybe they want to sell you a video, maybe they are anti-semitic white power supremacists who want to build a separatist white state, you have to take that into consideration too. I listen to and read from a number of different sources including people I don't necessarily agree with, the Revolutionary Communist newspaper, the Birchers, CNN.

**AF: What places would you recommend local kids go to as a replacement for trash?**

Malcolm: Well luckily there a couple people who are sort of picking up the torch. Our friend Liz over in Brookfield has opened up "Lost and Found," which is sort of like the clothing and jewelry thing we do. In Wallingford Red Scroll records just opened up, it's run by people who seem to know what they are doing and seem to have the right idea. It's ran by kids from the scene, running it based on the scene. I've been helping them a little bit getting set up, they bought some of my old stock. For the time being you've got those two places. I've also told anyone who will listen that I've done this for 20+ years and I don't have any skills whatsoever except putting groceries into a bag, so if I can do it for 20+ years certainly you can. So get with it!

**AF: Can you tell me one of you famous GG Allin stories?**

Malcolm: (laughing) I'm actually going to pass on that, I have a DVD coming out some time hopefully by the end of this year. It's gonna have them all on it. It's all the footage I've shot and a bonus narrative track.

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AF: Would you like to tell any comparable interesting stories?

Malcolm: Pick a band.

AF: Black Flag.

Malcolm: Pick a year.

AF: Damaged era.



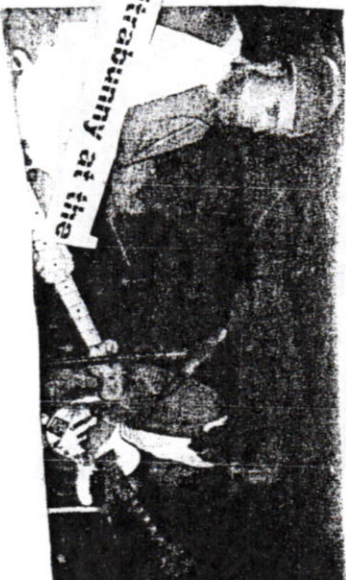
Malcolm Tent with Biofly (who apparently always dresses like Biofly?)

Malcolm: (proceeds to tell a very long story about how he went to his first hardcore show at a very shitty scary bar in 1982. "It was hot, it was smoky, there were people in there talking about beating someone up, all these punk rockers trying how to blame dance. There was a dude with a mohawk.. I had never seen a mohawk!" He saw the Abusers, Roach Motel, Saccharine Trust, and finally Black 9. He describes how bizarre it was to see this kind of thing for the first time, a sic and performance style so in tense it seemed from an entire other world than myrd Skynyrd. Unfortunately the tape cut off half way through and Malcolm was mad to finish the story.

AF: Anything you'd like to add?

Malcolm: My usual post interview statement besides, too bad you didn't get that ck Flag story because it was a good one! But, Al Flipside said it best, be more n a witness, get out there and if a Shmuck like myself can do certainly you can it. There's no reason you should be stuck doing something you can't stand cause you've got the power to do it all you have to do is flex your own magic scies and make it happen.

Malcolm Tent with Ultrabunny at the Fake Shop in '03



Dan Deacon + the Ultimate Reality (Jimmy Joe Roche)  
There's no way there can possibly be a TV in Wham City. The kids who live there just produce too much, too often. This piece was another Wham City production that adequately balances their ingenuity and general goofiness that makes them the envy of art schools from SCAD to RISD. The set up is this: two drummers play facing each other in front of a movie screen. Behind them Dan Deacon is set up with his usual mixers and samplers and flashing green skull and yin yang shirt and on the movie screen is distorted, recolored, and altered snippets from Arnold Schwarzenegger movies, pulsating and glowing in neon glory. Although most of Deacon's score is recorded he still performs by crooning incomprehensibly into a microphone while the two drummers rock out and Quatto reaches out to grip the TI's hand as it melts to mercury (At this point the entire packed apartment gives the thumbs up right back to the screen) Complementing Roche's satire of Schwarzenegger's campy sci-fi drama, Deacon's score is like a Jon Williams (or more appropriately, Danny Elfman) epic performed by a MIDI orchestra.



DAN  
Deacon  
Photo by Barry  
(Mrs)



# Review: Magik Markers, Thurston Moore,



at the Silent Barn March 8<sup>th</sup> 2007

2007's winter allowed for no logic or predictability in terms of dressing appropriately and I hadn't fully realized that as I biked from Lana's loft in Williamsburg to Ridgewood, Earlier in the day it was a comfortable 40 degrees, practically beach weather compared to the sub-zero temperatures I had been forced to bike through for the last several weeks, but now it was back in the single digits. It was a much longer ride than I had suspected, possibly because I was a little stoned. It took me about 40 minutes in the freezing cold but I finally found the Silent Barn. It was an inconspicuous house on a quiet commercial block. I would have never found it if not for the smoking hipsters outside. I chained up my bike and was greeted at the door by one of odd P's minions.

Hey don't I know you from somewhere?" He did, he kicked me out of Asterisk once for smuggling in hiskey. I told him where he knew me from and grinned. "Yeah meet a lot of people by hassling them at these shows, come in in!"

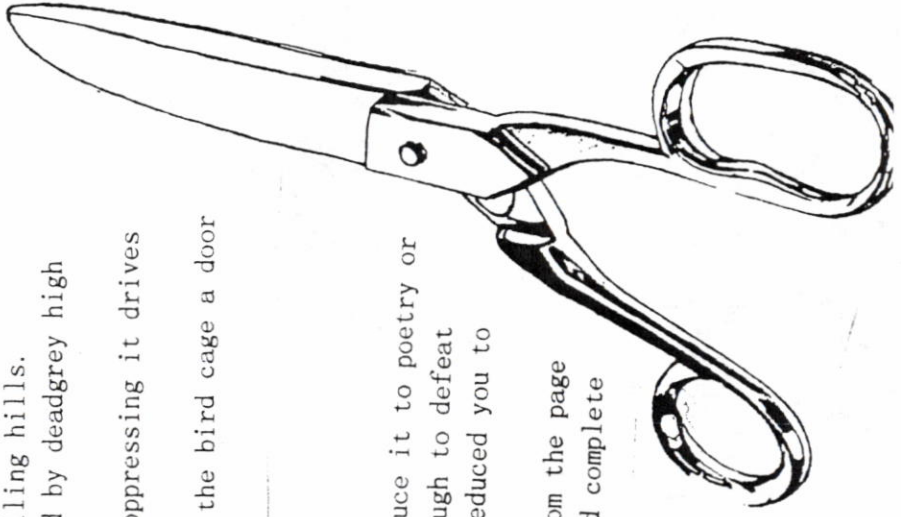
Even though I arrived there almost 2 hours after the show was listed as starting I was still early. Of course I suspected as much out of Todd P shows, which reliably start incredibly late, even a show like this with 8 total acts. I reviewed the ones whose names I remembered:

flipping through the pages after all these years i' m still impressed with your self portrait stress in your eyes, split ends in your hair didn' t it take you two days to paint? and at the end you finally saw yourself in the mirror

looking down on everything we can finally make sense of it: parades with blank banners, anthills hoarding misery, miles of veins and arteries with no heart to pump them

when we were little the heights were evergreens in swelling hills. now we are dwarfed by deadgrey high rises so dishonest and oppressing it drives us inside and at the top of the bird cage a door swings open

from here we can reduce it to poetry or a snapshot small enough to defeat just like your art reduced you to frailty and you look back from the page stressed helpless and complete





This book is  
your passport  
into time.



Can you survive  
in the  
Civil War era?  
Turn the page  
to find out.

All right! All right!  
I'll pull the plug!



Climbing through throngs of  
light separated by common sense  
a hideous technocracy from your  
dormant memories of mid 90s  
video games brought to \$9  
movies. Shining black and slate.  
grey and vigilant; an angry  
face, snarling and omniscient.  
The beams fade as they approach  
with blackness taking on  
properties of light. The  
reversal is now content and you  
realize the predictions from  
science fiction video games and  
their thin plots were true, and  
now you're living in reality  
that they conditioned you to  
expect but came just short of  
warning you against.



MAN, THESE UGLY FACTORIES  
ARE SPRINGING UP ALL OVER  
THE PLACE LATELY!

